COMING.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in

orning."

It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long, bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the bour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of my feet;
Therefore I tell you—Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming

or it may be through the gloaming

It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house,
When the fire burns low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed;
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be at midnight For it may be at midnight I will come.

It may be at the cock-crow, When the night is dying slowly In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,

And the scheduling And the scheduling of the dawn Of the golden sun, Which draweth nigh; When the mists are on the valleys, shading The rivers chill.

And my morning star is fading, fading And my morning star is fading.

Over the hill; Behold! I say to you—Watch! Let the door be on the latch In your home.
In the chill before the dawning, letween the night and morning,
I may come.

It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly Along the shore, And the birds are singing sweetly

And the birds are singing sweety
About the door;
With a long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done;
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from your busy work
Eorevermore;

Forevermore; As you work your heart must watch, For the door is on the latch In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come.

JACK'S COURTSHIP.

& SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK. BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

of "The Wreck of The Grosvenor," "A Sea Queen."" An Ocean Free-Lance," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.-LOGGINGS. I told you when I set out that this yarn would be more of a log-book than a regular tale, and though I have kept my facts pretty close together down to this point, I have now reached a part where the form of narrative I have chosen will very well serve my turn for a spell. When nothing particular happens you see, there is no good relating it. Be-sides, what should all these dialogues, quarrels, descriptions, which I have set down, signify but steps in the gangway ladder over the side to enable you to step aboard the ship we are going to sail away in before long? If I had asked you to embark at Gravesend at the opening of the tale, I should have had to keep the anchor down and all hands waiting while I told you what brought me aboard, and gave you the history of some of the people walking on the poop, and explained who I was. No. Pve done the right thing, I reckon, in going back and bringing you along with me to the sea (which

ing to you as we journey about the causes which dreve me on to blue water once more. So, now, then, for an extract or two from my log-book of that date. The quarrel with old Hawke capsized my spirits badly. It was all very fine for my uncle to pooh-pooh, and say it made no difference. Not to him, I dare say. But to me it was a most distressing circumstance. The old fellow had, of course, driven sway execrating me. I had defied him, in a manner, mocked at him. That was not all. He had found me in mean lodgings, the room full of tobacco smoke, the table ornamented with broken egg-shells and such things, and, of course, the notion of my poverty begotten in him by what he saw would go

should be heaving in sight very soon), and in yaru-

head, to force him into extreme measures to end my pursuit of his daughter. I suppose he had obliged Florence to divulge my address, which she had ob-tained from Sophie. Emily, of course, was at the

Florence to divulge my address, which she had obtained from Sophie. Emily, of course, was at the bottom of it all; and as my uncle had said, my walk with Florence, combined with her refusal of Morecombe, was more than Alphonso could bear. How did I know that his daughter had not given him reason to believe that she was in love with me? Between ourselves, this was my conviction, and it was like luff-tackles and preventer backstays to me during this rolling and pitching, and heaving and walloping time.

Yet bitterly did I regret that the old fellow had called and found me in. He had manifestly come in hot haste and in a passion; his manner of talking proved that; there was no policy, no forethought; he had commanded me to leave Bristol, and threatened me, by heavens! with the police if I had anything more to do with his daughter. Nothing but unreasoning temper could account for such a non-sensical visit as he had paid me; and now he would go home smarting from the shot poured into him by that small-arms man, my uncle, and loathing me for the meanness of my habitation and for my youthful scorn and defiance of him. Says you, and pray what had you to fear from his loathing and all that. what had you to fear from his loathing and all that, seeing that he was bitterly opposed to you before even he had set foot in your lodgings? Ay, but can't you see, mates, that this quarrel would strengthen his case with his daughter? It would enable him to represent himself to her as an outraged man, to idepict me in the basest and most odious colors to her, and to appeal to her feelings as a child. This, I say, was my fear, and so acute was it that when my uncle went away I determined to write to Florence a full account of all that had passed, implore her not to allow her father to prejudice her against me, and then by hook or by crook to get the letter put into her hands, though the job should cost me fifty pounds.

to get the letter put into her hands, though the job should cost me fifty pounds.

The breakfast cloth was upon the table, and I rang for Mrs. Chump to remove it. "Pray, ma'am," says I, with my temper bubbling like pea-soup in a ship's coppers, "why did you subject me to the disturbance—which of course you overheard—by refusing to tell the gentleman that I was out?"

"Begging your parding, Mr. Seymour, sir, you wasn't out," she replied, stripping the table in an agitated and distracted manner. "I couldn't go to tell a lie ngainst my own salvagion to oblige no one."

"But don't you know," cried I, "that a statement of that kind is a mere form, and not a lie, well understood by people, and meant to save the rudeness of the truth "

"My salvagion is first," answered Mrs. Chump, "and, my consideration is that, when I speaks, no matter on what."

"If that's your notion," said I, "you'll find it a hard job to be saved, ma'am; for should you live to become an old woman, and I hope you may, I'm

"If that's your notion," said I, "you'll find it a hard job to be saved, ma'am; for should you, live to become an old woman, and I hope you may. I'm sure, you'll go to your grave so loaded with scallessings that there is every prospect of your foundering under them, and your hopes are that way," said I, pointing to the ceiling, "and not yonder," pointing to the floor. I then waved her out of the room with a proper sweep of the hand toward the door, and after pacing about for twenty minutes or so, rehearsing what I should say, I sat down to write a letter to Florence Hawke.

door, and after pacing about for twenty minutes or so, rehearsing what I should say, I sat down to write a letter to Florence Hawke.

I recall picturing her while I hung over the note-paper, pen in hand, as being in a most disconsolate state of mind, her eves red with tears, her looks most forlorn, her father treating her tyrannously, passiona-ely using all sorts of threats, Emily cold and contemptuous, and speaking of me only to say something vicious. All this, of course, was purely imaginary: I mean, that I could not know she was fretting or that her papa was behaving brutally; but every young fellow when he writes to his sweetheart has her before his mind's eye, and addresses her as if she were opposite him, and that is what I did, figuring Florence in the melancholy Mariana-moated-grange like posture I have described. It was this that inspired my pen and caused me to decant myself. I have no clear recollection of what I wrote, but believe I told her about her father's visit, and implored her not to allow any version he should give ser of it to prejudice her against me, and asked her tever to forget that I loved her to distraction, and sould die for her, if by cutting my throat or hanging myself I could make her happy. All this I may have written, with a deal of other impassioned stuff, sinding up with a hint that if she was miserable to had nothing to do but to hoist a distress signal, it was an impudent stroke. It really meant: "If four father's treatment makes you wretched here, I meady to run away with you at a moment's price." I wanted her to understand that, to feel at I was a refuge, and so I cocked it in; but I the ready to run away with you at a moment's price." I wanted her to understand that, to feel at I was a refuge, and so I cocked it in; but I

Exclusive right toperial publication in America purchased

say it was a very audacious, impudent thing for me

say it was a very audacious, impudent thing for me to imply.

Well, this letter being written, the next job was to get it delivered to her. How was I to do that I roamed about the little room like a prisoner in his cell, turning over all sorts of notions. The queerest ideas came into my head. What did I think of taking a policeman into my confidence, describing the lady, and offering him a sovereign to watch for old Hawke to leave the house, then knock, ask to see Miss Hawke, give her the letter, and tell her to say he had called to know if any boys had been getting over Mr. Hawke's walls, what did I think of bribing the family butcher's man to smuggle the letter into Florence's hand under the pretence that it was a list of revised prices for prime joints, and that his master had asked him to see Miss Hawke and nobody else? what did I think of buying a cap or a hat and pinning the letter inside it as if it were the bill, and dispatching it in a bag or box to Clifton Lodge? These are samples of the schemes which were hove up out of me by the throes of my imagination. But none of them satisfied me, and I was thrown back upon Sophie. I knew her family would object; that I should be acting dishonestly in asking her to convey the letter; and that she would be acting undutifully in accepting the errand. But you see, lads, it was bound to go some, how or other, and there was no one to manage its transmission with greater skill and secrecy than Sophie. So I went to work and wrote to her, and I better remember this letter than the other. I told her I was rendered desperate by the necessity of communicating with Florence, that I had no friend in the world but dearest Sophie, that I blushed to ask her to do anything in opposition to her parents' wishes, and that I called heaven to witness, if she would oblige me by handing the inclosed letter to Miss Hawke, I would never again ask her to disobey her manma. This done, I rang the bell and asked Mrs. Chump if there was an intelligent man or boy knocking about anywhere, who f

dress and he instantly sped away, loudly whistling; and I sat down trembling after my great intellectual exertions.

I passed the rest of the day in a very moping, skulking fashion. I ordered Mrs, Chump to cook me a chop by way of dinner, and found even the lean thing she dished up more than my love-sick appetite could consume. I wandered about the corporation quays, looked into the shop windows and so forth, but was never long away from my lodgings. What tortures of mind I underwent on account of that letter! Would Sophie send it? what would Florence think if she received it? would she answer it? would she show it to her papa? Every youth must endure experiences of this kind, I suppose, when he is in love; but I declare that I would rather have half a foot of my stature knocked off, or spend ten years of my life in an Atlantic cattle-ship, than go again through the sufferings of that time.

At half-past 8 that evening I was in my sitting-room holding a novel in my hand, upside down very likely, when a single knock was struck upon the house-door, and Mrs. Chump looked in and said: "Mr. Seymour's servant, sir, for yon." I went out and saw Cobb, who flourished his thumb upon his forehead, and said: "Miss Sophie's love, sir, and she sends you this." It was a letter: I carried it to the candles, and found two inclosures, one from Sophie, and the other (sealed in a very little envelope), from Florence. When I saw this latter's handwriting, the bold "Jack Seymour, esq.," with P. H. up in the corner, and the familiar goose for a seal, my agitation was so great that the letter quivered in my hand like a flat candlestick, in the grasp of a nervous man, awakened by unusual sounds in the dead of night. I read it through, and then I read Sophie's, and then I turned to the other, and might have gone on reading them over and over again, alternately, for an hour or two, had I not been in terrupted by a modest cough in the passage. I peered, and found Cobb erect on the door-mat.

terrupted by a modest cough in the passage. I peered, and found Cobb erect on the door-mat.

"Why, Cobb," said I, "I quite forgot that you were waiting."

peered, and found Cobb creet on the depossage. I peered, and found Cobb creet on the deposit at the you were waiting."

"Is there any answer, sir?" he inquired.

"No." said I, and I put two half-crowns into his hand. He was humbly thankful, and went away. Sophie's letter ran thus:

"My Dear Jack.—I was actually talking to Florence at our gate when the boy arrived with your note. She had been visiting some poor person, and I had been to the library for a novel, and we met opposite our house. I asked the boy what he wanted, and he said he had brought a letter from a gentleman; I looked at it and saw it was addressed to me, which made me rather nervous, for, upon my honor, Jack, I did not know your handwriting. Well, inside I found your letter to Florence, and I said, 'Now, this is too bad! here is my cousin wanting me to be his postman, against mamma's wishes; however, Florence, said I, as you are here there can be no harm in my handing you this, and I gave her the letter. She read hers while I read mine. I asked her what you had written. She put the letter in her pocket and answered; 'Oh, papa has called upon him and I am afraid there has been a quarrel. I shall hear all about it when I get home. But there was more in yory letter than that, I am sure, for there was the pretitesteolor in her cheeks, and she could not help smiling, not disdainfully; oh, dear no, sir, quite the contrary, I assure you. Then she asked me what my letter contained; I told her to read it, as I had no secrets, and then said: 'Shall you answer yours!' I don't know,' said she. 'He ought not to write to me.' Don't leave the poor fellow, in suspense, Florence,' said I; 'see how he has written to me: he is clearly dying of love. I don't know what he has said to you and I don't ask; but if it deserves an answer you ought to write, dear.' 'I couldn't send him a letter by post,' said she. 'He ought not to write to me.' I don't know,' said she. 'He ought not to write to me.' I don't know,' said she.' He ought not to write to me.' I don't know wha

ment. "Yours affectionately, Sophie.

"P. S.-When are you coming to see us and tell me all about your quarrel with Mr. Hawke! What did he say! Was he rude!" Florence's letter was shorter and sweeter.

Florence's letter was shorter and sweeter.

"Dear Mr. Seymour.—Sophie has given me your letter. I am grieved that papa should have called upon you. So many things are done in this world which are quite unnecessary. You need not fear that I shall be prejudiced by anything that can be said. I hope I am able to form my own opinions on people and judge for myself. But I must ask you not to write to me again. I have already incurred my father's serious displeasure, and am anxious to do nothing to offend him. Hardly anything has pained me more in all this trouble than being separated from your cousins, whose society I loved. However, I shall never allow anything to estrange them and me; whenever I am alone and pass your uncle's house, and see Sophie or Amelia, I stop and speak, and perhaps on one of these occasions we may chance to meet.

"Yours truly, Florence Hawke."

How this letter may strike you I cannot guess.

chance to meet.

"Yours truly," Florence Hawke."

How this letter may strike you I cannot guess. Me it sent slap into heaven. No wonder I gave Cobb two half-crowns. Fifty times that money would I havegeheerfully paid to the bearer of that eestatic document. Sly, did Sophic call her? Oh, shipmate is the beautiful plant sly for blossoming? I admit that there was a trifling contradiction between the passage in which she said that she was anxious to do nothing to offend her father, and the sentence in which she showed me how I might sometimes meet her; but consider the influences which were acting upon her. If you start the port wheel of a paddle-boat hard ahead, and reverse the starboard wheel hard astern, there's no helm that I know which will make the vessel hold a stendy course. But, Lord love you, I am not spinning this yarn as an apology for the darling of my heart. Love is a current that has caused many a stronger mature than my lassie's to drag, and cut and run. And see here, boys; if a parent don't want his child's anchor to "come lone"—and you know what that means—let hum take care to furnish her with good holding-ground in his own character and conduct. And so Amen to that! as a piece of briny advice dedicated to the memory of Alphonso Hawke, and be hanged to him.

And now for a second logging; and much will it surprise you, I don't don't. It is something as unexpected, in its way, as the entry of the Yankee mate, who, being drunk, fell overboard, and when he was fished up and put into dry clothes, staggered to his journal and wrote: "This day the ship went down and all hands was drowned but me."

The entry is this. I did not see Florence Hawke again on dry land.

Through no fault of mine, you may heartily believe. Day after day, for a fortnight together, I would walk to my uncle's house, and when there, hang about the front grounds in the hope that Florence would pass. I was honest enough to explain to my uncle why I naunted his premises. "Come I must," said I, "unless you order me out; and even then, the Queen's highway being as much mine as yours, I shall buy a camp-stool and sit at your gate; for I want to see Florence Hawke, and she told me I was likely to see her here, and I don't know what has become of her. She has not written to Sophie; my cousins say they are forbidden to write to her, and among you all there is no means of getting any satisfaction."

"Jack," replied my uncle, "you may sit outside or inside my gate and welcome; you may perch your-self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please;

"Jack," replied my uncle, "you may sit ontside or inside my gate and welcome; you may perch your self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self one one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; self one one of the spikes at the self one one of the spikes and you puncle, self one of it it it is from Florence," and read may conceive that I watched her fat fat the word. I'll have a telescope mand can be veried my uncle, "what loes J. Well," cried my uncle, "what does J. Well," cried my uncle, "what was I watched my uncle, "what is self one one one on the word, when the man-servant Cobb ester, when the man-servant Cobb ester, when the man-servant Cobb est. The self uncle, when the man-servant Cobb est. The well in my conceive that I watched her fat fat the word, "It is from Florence," and read may conceive that I watched her fat fat the word, "It is from Florenc

To all which, of course, I listened with irritable disdain, thanking him for his advice, and assuring him that I would rather miserably perish by the hands of the hangman than abandon the only lopes which now kept me alive.

However, before the fortnight was quite expired, Sophie, who was my good angel, managed to get some news for me. She had met a Miss Lloyd, who was a friend of the Hawke's, at the house of a Colonel Coldsteel (the people of Bristol and Clifton will, of course, understand that all the names in this story are false), and she learned from this young lady that Florence had been confined to the house by a violent cold that had threatened her with an attack of pleurisy; also that Mr. Morecombe had left Clifton Lodge, his ankle being sound again; and further, that Miss Damaris Hawke had arrived from Australia on the preceding evening. When Sophie told me this I immediately exclanmed: "Is it a severe cold, do you think? or is it her papa's cruelty? How are we to know that he is not slowly breaking her heart by his severity?"

"Well," replied Sophie, "some suspicion of that kind came into my head, and I asked Miss Lloyd several questions. She said that she had not seen Florence for a week, and that when they met she could not help thinking there was something on her mind, for her spirits did not seen good. But there can be no doubt that she is confined to her house by a cold, for Mr. Hawke's doctor attends the Lloyds, and Miss Lloyd has heard about Florence from him."

"But why don't you write, why don't you call.

and Miss Lloyd has heard about Florence from him."

"But why don't you write, why don't you call, why don't you do something, Sophie?" I cried.

"What is Mr. Hawke to you? Florence is your friend—if you can talk to her out of doors, what should prevent you from sending her a note, or a servant to know how she is?"

"I would do so gladly," she answered, speaking with unaffected concern; "but, but by bit, the story of Mr. Hawke's quarrel with papa in your lodgings has leaked out, and mamma will not hear of our having anything further to say to the Hawkes, unless we meet Florence accidentally, when, of course, we may speak, she says. I am truly sorry for her sake and for yours, Jack; but we must study our dignity."

less we meet Florence accidentally, when, of course, we may speak, she says. I am truly sorry for her sake and for yours, Jack; but we mast study our dignity."

I had nothing to say. My annt's views were quite proper; but it was a bitter hard time for me, mates. I had bargained on meeting Florence again and again, and the disappointment, and the not knowing what to do and what was to happen, made it, say, an awful time for me. Would she not think, if I were as devoted as I had sworn I was, that I would move heaven and earth to learn how she was and to let her know I was at hand, loving her to distraction and willing to eat off my head to please her? But there was no mode of communicating with her, no means of learning how she did, except from the chance gossip of her friends. Memory, however, is a nourishment on which the little god Cupid will sometimes contrive to keep himself fat, if not comfortable; and, for my part, I had a fair stock of that diet to live on. I almost forget how long I had then been in Bristol, but certainly not very many weeks had passed since I had met Florence for the first time; and during those few weeks there had been enough passages between her and not to enable me to take many a good plunge into memory, and emerge always ardent and always resolved from the delightful bath. I well remember that when I heard that Florence's Aunt Damaris had arrived, and when I considered a little over that piece of news, I felt somewhat uneasy, conjecturing, of course, that Hawke's sister would side with him in his wishes about Florence, and that my darling would have to contend with another oppressive influence in this Australian spinster. But, on the whole, I do not know that thoughts of Aunt Damaris troubled me much. Of Florence's relatious I can only recollect thinking of one with constant anxiety, and that was old Hawke. He had not, it is true, the power of preventing his daughter from running away with me if she had a mind to marry me in that fashion; but while she remained too loyal to her home

marry his daughter, and I suppose he knows what that means."

"And do you suppose, Amelia," said Sophie, always at my side fighting for me, "that Florence has not given her papa to understand that she is fond of Jack? If he thought that Jack's admiration did not Isignify, why ishould he have called at his lodgings and requested him to discontinue admiring Florence, and leave Bristol?"

Amelia had no reply to make to this; but she still declared that, in her opinion, Mr. Hawke was not so frightened of me as to go abroad with his daughter, and leave his home for the length of time that would be needful to make such a measure as that of use.

"I earnestly hope that he is not," said I, " but we "I carnestly hope that he is not," said I, "but we shall see." Well, the days rolled on, and never once did I set eyes on Florence, nor hear of her. Utterly disheartened, I abandoned the punctual visits I had made to my uncle's house, in the hope of finding her talking to my consins. Nor did I ever encounter her in the streets, though several times I met the Hawkes' carriage, sometimes occupied by Hawke and Emily, sometimes by Emily and a friend, and on the last occasion by an elderly lady, with a sharp face and a wide brown hat, whom I privately supported to be Annt Damaris, though she was rattled past too quickly to enable me to tell more than that her countenance was of a severe and hatchet-like aspect. Over and over again would I ask Sophie or Amelia, and very often my nucle, if there was any

of course, whatever there was of mystery in Florence's withdrawal from us was wholly due to my impatience, for I would forget to consider that a week in those days seemed as long as a year, and that for some time she had been indisposed and confined to the house. But I, who was half crazy to see her, immoderately jealous to behold her sweet face, that I might interpret from it some sign of thought, some hint of expression favorable to my passionate wishes, found a week passed without seeing her as long, as I have said, as a year, and naturally fell into many harassing and distracted conceits respecting her.

"It is all very well," I said to Sophie, "for Miss Jones and Mr. Robinson and Dr. Thompson, and the rest of them, to tell you that she drives and walks and dines, and is cured of her cold; but how the deuce is it I never see her? how is it you don't meet her? does she take another road, when she calls upon her poor families? why did she write the contraction. im. Of course, whatever there was of mystery in Flor-

I does she take another road, when she calls n her poor families? why did she write that she cal we should meet, when she passed your house, caught sight of you, if she meant nothing by

and caught sight of you, if she meant nothing by it?"

Whereupon Sophie, with much good sense, explained that in all probability Florence had not felt well enough to call upon her poor families, and consequently had had no occasion to pass along the road in which my uncle's house stood: also, that for aught we could tell, her paps had prohibited her from walking alone, "in which case, Jack," said she, "it would be better not to meet, for if she should be with Emily or Mr. Hawke we should have to pass her—which would be very painful and embarrassing to her and us; and if she were with her aunt, we might really risk being insulted, by stopping to shake hands, for, depend upon it, Mr. Hawke has poisoned his sister's mind against all of us, so that there is no telling how Aunt Damaris might behave, were we to meet."

However, about ten days or a fortnight after the arrival of Aunt Damaris—it is convenient to make the movements of that old lady a scoring-peg in these recollections—I had been dining with my uncle, and was lingering with the others over the dessert, when the man-servant Cobb entered with a letter, which he gave to Sophie. She immediately exclaumed: "It is from Florence," and read it. You may conceive that I watched her fat face attentively.

"Well," cried my uncle, "what does Jack's De-

"Well," cried my uncle, "what does Jack's De-light say ? any loving messages ? does she send me a kiss ?" Don't be ridiculous, Charles," exclaimed my

"She is going to Scotland," said Sophie.

§ "What!" I shouted, and let drop the dessert knife
and fork I was plying, and fell back in my chair.

"Don't faint, Jack" bawled my uncle. "Amelia,
give your cousin a glass of brandy."

"What is she going to do in Scotland, Sophie!" I
asked in a weak voice.

"Read the letter woud, Sorhie," said : v uncle

" Sing it out, my love. " We're all related here, and

"Sing it out, my love. 5 We're all related here, and there are no secrets. Now, then."

Whereupon Sophie read as follows:

"Dearest Sophie.—I ams so very sorry to have been able to see nothing of you of late. No doubt you know that I was confined to the house for a week with a violent cold, which at one time the doctor was afraid might lead to an attack of pleurisy, as I suffered a great deal from pain in the side. However, I am now quite well. Aunt Damaris is with us, and she has taken me under her, wings. Papa is very glad to have her. Her visit will last about a month or six weeks, and she has made the voyage merely for her health, and for the sake of seeing us. I am writing chiefly to let you know that Annt Damaris, papa, Emily and I are going to Scotland to-morrow, though how long we shall be away I do not know, nor can I tell you yet the place we shall stay at, as nothing will be arranged until we arrive in Edinburgh. At all events, you will know in what part of the world I am. Papa says the excursion is necessary for my health, and it is to be made for me alone. But, indeed, I am quite well, and do not feel to need any change, and sm very sorry to leave Clifton, even for a short time. If I can manage to write to you from Scotland, I will. Meanwhile, accept my dear love, and remember me most affectionately to your papa and mamma and Amelia.

"Yours sincerely. FLORENCE HAWKE.
"Do not forget to remember me to your cousin Jack. Is he still at Bristol, and will he remain there now, do you suppose?"

"That's all," said Sophie, and she put the letter into the envelope and passed it to me.

"A woman's meaning is always reserved for her

"That's all, said Sophie, and she put the letter into the envelope and passed it to me.

"A woman's meaning is always reserved for her postscript," observed my uncle; "Florence's love to you. Sophie, and her affectionate remembrances to us will not do; her letter is meant for Jack, and for polyady elsa"

And that is why I have given it to Jack," says

for nobody else."

"And that is why I have given it to Jack," says Sophic.

"There can be no doubt," said my aunt, "judging from her allusion to Miss Damaris Hawke, that that lady is acting as Florence's duenna."

"I am sure of it," exclaimed Amelia "My belief is that Mr. Hawke has refused to allow her to walk alone. You will find that her aunt has always accompanied her, since she has been well enough to leave the house."

"How neatly the girl puts it," said my uncle."

"Annt Damaris has taken me under her wing."

The sentence tells an immense story—long arguments, a few shindies, a mass of abuse of us, scorn and hate of Jack yonder, and as a result, Annt Damaris with that boy's sweetheart under her lean arm! But cheer up, Jack—Aunt Damaris's visit is only to last six weeks."

I had been reading Florence's letter and now put it in my pocket as my nucle addressed me. I was foolishly depressed, and felt myself haggard and long-faced. "I told you, Sophie," said I, "that Mr. Hawke would carry Florence away. This is but the first step."

"The first step to what !" asked my uncle.

Hawke would carry Florence away. This is but the first step."

"The first step to what!" asked my uncle.

"Why, to a long tour abroad, in the hope of caring Florence of her liking for me."

"I quite agree with you," said my aunt; "and if Mr. Hawke decides upon leaving England, I should never be surprised to hear that young Mr. Morecombe has accompanied him and his daughter."

"Well, if he goes he can't take his house with him," said my uncle "he is bound to come back sooner or later; so that all you have to do, Jack, is to lay in a good stock of tobacco, and wait here for your friends to heave in sight."

"Fancy Jack being the first to meet them at the rallway station on their return, after an absence of three or four years," said Amelia langhing. "How pleased Mr. Hawke would be to see him."

"There's nothing funny that I can see," exclaimed Sophie, tooking at me sympathetically "The meaning of it to you, Jack, is that Florence is in love with you, and that her papa thinks he can change her mind by changing the scene. He is very much mistaken; and so long as you can feel that she is faithful, it ought to be all the same whether she is in Clifton or Scotland."

"Sophie, it is really no business of ours, my love,"

he is faithful, it ought to be an the same whether he is in Cliffton or Scotland."

"Sophie, it is really no business of ours, my love," hid her mother mildly but significantly. "We all his her but under the circumstances, there must be me little impropriety in your identifying yourself ith it too zealously."

"I have Florence and I have my cousin mamma." th it too zealously "
'Hove Florence, and I love my cousin, mamma," id Sophie; "and I do not like to see them un-

I jumped from my chair, ran round the table and kissed her. It was the first kiss I had ever given the dear girl, and a heartier smack of the lips was never administered. "It's the only way in which I can thank you for your speech, my darling," said I, and I returned to my chair, leaving Sophie blushing. Amelia rather pale, my aunt alarmed, and my uncle grinning from ear to ear.

CHAPTER XIV.

I RETURN TO LONDON. Well, sure enough, Florence was carried off to Well, sure enough, Florence was carried off to Scotland next day by her papa and Aunt Damaris; with them went Emily, and Clifton Lodge was left in charge of the butler and the housekeeper. Never did I pass such a night as that which preceded my darling's departure. Sleep! bless your heart attee, mates, never in an all night job at sea, bending with his daughter, merely to shake off a young fellow whose attentions were objectionable; but I was not so sure. I would say: "Yes, but if old Hawke has set his heart on splicing Florence to Morecombe, and if Florence is unmistakably showing by her manner that she has a liking for me, and growing low-spirited and so forth, then, in my opinion, he is just the sort of man to take strong measures to end ias he might hope) a business that is putting a stop to his queer ambition. Other fathers have done stranger and more troublesome things than taking their daughters away for a year or two in order to warp the girls clear of the men who are not wanted."

"Ay, but, Jack," I remember Amelia answering, "do you think that Mr. Hawke attaches all the significance you think he does to your admiration for Florence I"

"Yes, I do," said I. "I told him I wanted to succeeded in dissuading myself from that suicidal project by vowing that I would be up and away for the North, the instant Sophie was able to tell me in what part of Scotland old Hawke had come to a stand. I must have lighted and extinguished my candle a dozen times that night, for I would bundle out of the sheets and walk about the bedroom, read-ing Florence's letter to Sophic and looking at her keness, and then roll into bed again and put out the light in the hope of falling asleep, and after ward turn to and have another scratch at the luci

fer-box to satisfy some doubt by taking a fresh squint at the letter, and so on and so on until the in arose and the blessed dicky birds chirped. The only crumb of comfort I could find lay in what my uncle had suggested-that the letter to Sophie was really meant for me. I was in her thoughts when she wrote, as the postscript proved. Me it was for whom the news of her going to Scotland was intended. That reference to her being under Aunt Damaris's wing was to let me know why she had given me no chance of seeing her. And what was the postscript, but like asking me if I meant to forget her because her papa was taking her away! Forget her! as often as I read that aweet P. S., so often would I kiss her likenoss and I desire here to make my compliments to the French gentleman who photographed her, on the indelibil-ity of his printing; for had the portrait been an effaceable thing, I was bound to have kissen away every trace of my pet's face and figure, ay, as com-pletely as a shower of rain takes the curl out of a feether. gentleman who photographed

pletely as a shower of rain takes the curl out of a feather.

But oh! in spite of her letter, in spite of the encouragement I found in it, the prospect of her absence, the cooling effect that might be produced in her by my being out of sight, the possibility of young Morecombe forming one of the party, the result of the formidable influence which would now be exerted, by the combined powers of Alphonso and Damaris Hawke, rendered contemplation absolutely hideous. I was harassed by a m sgiving as heavy as a presentiment that this was the first of old Hawke's steps, and that the next would carry him and Florence out of the United Kingdom, leagues beyond the reach of my slender purse. No doubt, in time the old fellow would return, and bring his daughter with him; but suppose Morecombe accompanied them, and Florence, sick of travelling, and worried by her aunt and her papa, consented to marry him! Or suppose in their journeys they met some agreeable young man, whold the proparation of the propagation of the papa, consented to marry him! Or suppose in their journeys they met some agreeable young man, whold the propagation of the papa neys they met some agreeable young man, we shove me overboard out of Florence's heart? suppose that travel enlarged her mind to sue extent as to make her admit to her father, though she declined to marry Morecombe, she was that he was right in his notion that a very that the contract of the contract o shove me overboard out of Florence's leart; or suppose that travel enlarged her mind to such an extent as to make her admit to her father, that though she declined to marry Morecombe, she now saw that he was right in his notion that a young senfaring chap on a small income, without prospects or occupation, was not, after all, quite up to the mark as a match for a young lady who was a beauty and would have a fortune?

would have a fortune? t it is a mistake to suppose. Half the misery of lies in it. They have a good saying at sea: ppose your aunt had whiskers, what a very

and would have a fortune?
But it is a mistake to suppose. Half the misery of life lies in it. They have a good saying at sea: "Suppose your aunt had whiskers, what a very rum unde she would make?"
Well, my lads, the Hawke family went to Scotland that day. I knew they were gone, by taking a walk in the afternoon past Clifton Lodge, and observing that the blinds were down as though somebody lay dead in the house.
However, before a week had passed I discovered, now that Florence was three or four hundred miles distant, that my Bristol lodgings were altogether too small and dull to be tolerable. Mrs. Chump became an eyesore; the prospect over the way a mortification, every time I looked out of the window. I was tired of Bristol City, and though I could have spent another month or two very happily at my uncle's house, where the evenings were always cheerful, and the days full of business of driving, and riding, and dining, and so forth, yet as I did not choose to return, heartily welcome as I knew I should be, I made up my mind to go to London, and await news of Florence from Sophie; for in London I could make time fly faster than ever I could drive it in the country, and all I desired now was to get rid of the weeks during which Florence was to be absent from Clifton. I announced my intention to my relatives on an occasion when we were all together. They tried hard to persuade me to return to them, but I was firm, I was conscient tous, I was highly moral. No, it was a question of delicacy. I desired that Mr. Hawke might fully understand that my anut and her family had no share in the courtship I had undertaken; and with many thanks, therefore, I declined to be their guest.

"I won't call you a swab again, Jack, beezer you

didn't like it before," said my uncle; " but if I knew of another word to express the same thing, dash my wig, if I wouldn't bestow it upon you."

My aunt and Sophie, however, came to my rescue, particularly my aunt, who said that though she was very sorry I refused to stay with them, yet she thoroughly respected the feelings which made me decline. cline.
"And how long d'ye mean to stop in London ?" said my uncle.

I looked at Sophie, and answered, "It will de-

said my uncle.

I looked at Sophie, and answered, "It will depend."

"What will Florence say when she returns, and finds that her faithful shepherd has given up watching the landscape which has been sanctified by the feet of his lovely Chloe!" asked Amelia.

I gave her a nod and a smile, as much as to say:
"Don't trouble yourself; I'll arrange for all that."
"Jack knows his own business," said my uncle;
we have no right to interrogate him, more especially since we have all been prohibited from having a fingerin his pie"—looking at his wife.

And so the matter ended, so far as this particular passage was concerned; though that same evening, being alone with Sophie, I had a long talk with her, in which I gave her all my reasons for not stopping at her house, and then went on to explain that my wits were growing rusty in the Bristol lodgings, which were horribly dull, and that a return to London would freshen me up, and enable me to apply myself with livelier spirits, if not with a sturdier resolution, to the job of winning Florence Hawke.

"My programme, then, is this, Jack, is it?" said she; "if Florence writes to me from Scotland, I am to answer her letter and to speak of you in it."

"Yes."
"What shall I say about you?"

"Yes,"
"What shall I say about you?"
"All that you like—all that I feel, Sophie. Tell her that I grew dull in lodgings, that I have returned to London to recruit my spirits, and to kill the horribly tedious time which her absence makes life to be, but that I shall come back to Bristol by the first train that follows your letter in which you tell me she has arrived."

"Very well," said Sophie, "mamma can't object, for it is really only aces; and one must say something when one writes a letter. But suppose my epistle should fall into Mr. Hawke's hands!"

"There is a risk in everything." I replied; "we must take our chance. If Florence wishes to hear from you—in the hope of 'bearing about me—I daresay she will manage to receive the letter and keep it to herself."

it to herself.

it to herself."

"Well, we'll see first whether she writes, and I can then decide how to act, by what she says," exclaimed Sophie. "And what else must I do?"

"Keep a lookout for my darling, get any news of her return that you can lay hold of, and forward it to me slap!"
"On which you will come to Bristol?"

"To your present lodgings?"
"Well, I don't know: I'il see about that," said I.
"And what is your policy afterward?" said

Sophie.

"Why," cried I, " to meet her as often as I can, to get her to own that she loves me, to hang on to her with my very eyelashes sooner than let go, and—and, yes, Sophie" said I, grasping her arm, " if her father refuses his sanction—if she will consent to— "What ?" whispered Sophie, looking thrilled

"What?" whispered Sophie, looking thrilled;
"not an elopement?"

"A secret marriage," I exclaimed. "Why not?
would it be the first that had ever taken place? If
it is to be pull devil, pull baker, between Hawke
and me, the weakest must be dragged. I don't want
anything clandestine. Much as I hate marriage
ceremonies, with their favors, speeches, dresses, and
blubbering I'd rather go through fifty weddings
with my sweetheart than bolt with her. But if
Florence loves me and I love her, and we're resolved
to have each other, and Hawke won't hear of it,
what's the right step! Yield to the old man!
Never!" cried I, brandishing my fist.
Sophie's fat face was full of emotion. "Upon my
word, Jack," she exclaimed, "I believe you'll end in
making a real romance of your love. What desperate ideas you have! I'm sure Florence ought to feel
very much flattered."

But let me coil these lengths of plans down, and

maining a real formance of your love. What desperate ideas you have? I'm sure Florence ought to feel very much flattered."

But let me coil these lengths of plans down, and hang them over the pin they belong to, out of the road, for when I come to think how they, like a good many other schemes I have formed in my life, warped me not an inch forward, though all the beef that was in me I applied to the capstan-bar as I shoved, I feel ashamed to write of them I want to put nothing but the truth into these loggings, and arrangements which never came to anything, somehow, don't strike me as facts. You might as well describe dreams or reveries as plans, from which nothing more emerged than would come from an empty egg-shell under a sitting fowl. And these, my hearties, are the unpleasantest parts a man can light upon while spinning the yarn of his own doings: for nothing proves to him more shrewdly how big a fool he has been in his day than his having to confess to a foresight which was about as perceptive as if he had tied his head up in a bag. How big, wigs like chancellors and statesmen, who want posterity to respect them for their wisdom, can have the courage to sit down and write about their lives, hang me if I can imagine; unless, indeed, they make a lie of their yarns by omitting whatever would show that at bottom they were not very much wiser than you or me. But avast now! we've had enough of "philosophorizing," as an old shipmate of unine called all ideas which oblige a man to scratch the back of his head and heave-to for words.

It was about a week after Florence had gone to

for words.

It was about a week after Florence had gone to Scotland that I went away to London. Mrs. Chump was sorry to lose me. I allow, she would have risked her salvation to the extent of saying I was out when I was in, had I agreed to stop on those terms. But her lodgings were too small: there was no kind of figure to be cut in them; they were as dull as a forepeak; and so I gave them up for good, having resolved to seek bigger and better-looking rooms when I returned. I pass over the leave-taking from my relations. I wanted to hand over taking from my relations. I wanted to hand ove the balance of the lifty pounds my uncle had giver me, but the moment I opened my mouth on that subject he fell into a passion, asked me what I tool him to be, eyed me from head to foot, and inquired in a cold voice, whether I was not imposing upor him when I said I had been to sea, since no sailor man would treat a relative so ill as to offer to return a gift. "That sort of thing," said he, "only hap pens between sweethearts. When Florence has be a gift. "That sort of thing," said he, "only hap pens between sweethearts. When Florence has be-come thick enough with you to receive your gew-gaws, then when you and she quarrel and she send your Brunningenn stuff back you may pocket it-there's no insult. But to offer to return a gift—no a loan—but a gift to a gentleman you're on goo-terms with—Roast me, if you don't deserve to be

rope's ended!"

So I kept the money, nor can I conscientiously say that it went against my grain to do so; for, after all, why shouldn't a well-to-do nucle tip his nephew? and what's fifty pounds? why I could spend twice that money in a week, and then, faith, have little enough to keep by me in memory of it.

I was pleased to observe that my aunt did not much like saying good-by fto me. I daresay she thought that on the whole she had not acted very maternally toward the motherless shellback who had given his heart to a beauty, and had no friend, if he had not his relations, to say a word for him or give him a hand. She held on to me when we bade each other farewell, said a hundred kind things, and almost gave me to understand that if I went away counting upon Sophie she was not disposed to balk my hopes. My cousins accompanied me to the station, and I had a confidential chat with Sophie on the platform, while Amelia stood a little apart in respectful recognition of the mission that her kind, affectionate, loyal sister had made her own.

"You shall hear without fail," said she, "the moment I get the news of Florence's return."

"And you will write her a letter all about me when you hear from her? and you'll send me her letter, Sophie? and I wish that you would look about at your leisure for some comfortable rooms, nearer to Clifton Lodge than my lodgings were." And I was mambling on when the guard interrupted me by a lond "Jump in, please, sir, if you're going." "God bless you, Sophie: I shall never forget what you have done and are doing. We shall meet again soon. Good-by, Amelia"; and in a few minutes Bristol city was astern of me.

[To be Continued.]

WILLY'S DELIGHTFUL VISIT.

From The Arkunsas Traceller.

Old Mrs. Mulkittle was delighted to see her grandson. She had not seen him for some time, which fact together with her bad memory of everything about children but the ills to which their little flesh is lawful heir, greatly tended to increase her pleasure in seeing him. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived and he had not time to explore the when he arrived and he had not time to explore the premises; however, he succeeded in sitting down on a panful of duck eggs that had been encased in cotton and placed by the fire. The old lady, in the heartiness of good-humor born of hale old age, readily forgave him, but when he tried to catch the cat and turned over the crock churn, and split three days collection of cream, her aggravation was not to be contined by the ordinary bounds of self-control; for in the life of an old woman there is no perplexity like that of losing a "churnin."

"Deuce take the boy," she exclaimed. "He's ruined me."

ruined me."

"But I got the cat, gran'ma."

"Confound the cat. Turn her a-loose. There, I'm glad she scratched you," and she got a rag and began to mop up the milk. "I wouldn't have had this to happen for a putty," she said in genuine sorrow.

"Are you mad, gran'ma?" "Oh, I'm hurt." "Did
the churn fall on you?" "No, it didn't." "What
hurt you, then?"
"Oh, don't bother me," and she arose and began to
sweep the floor. "This is a putty mess."
"I didn't go to do it."
"Oh, no, you never go to do anything."

"Oh, no, you never go to do anything."
Do you go to do anything !"

"What !"
"Don't talk to me; I'm bothered."
"About the churn !"
"Hush, or I'll make you go to bed."
"Just 'cause I turned over the churn !"
"Yes. I don't see why you wanted the cat any-

how."

"She licked out her tongue at me, an' pretended like I couldn't catch her, but I did, didn't I !!"

"I don't see what makes children so bad. They wan't that way in my raisin'."

"You wasn't a bad boy, was you!"

"No, I wasn't," and she sat down with an annoyed

"You wasn't a boy, was you?"

"No, thank the Lord!"

"But grandpa what's dead was, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he was. Now hush up."

"If he hadn'ter been a boy, he couldn'ter been a man, could he?"

"I won't put up with your foolishness. You can't run over me like you do your mother and father. Take off them clothes and get into that bed."

Take off them clothes and get into that bed.

"It's too soon"

"Move, I tell you," and she took down a turkeywing fan, and the boy stood no longer upon the
order of his going, but went at once. He arose
early the next morning and went out into the lot.
He left the gate open and the calves ran into the
cow pen. "Merciful heavens!" yelled the old lady.

"Come here!" calling to a servant.

"Is her name Merciful Heavens!" asked the boy,
climbing on the fence and placidly surveying the
turbid scene.

climbing on the fence and placidly surveying the turbid scene.

"I'll attend to your case presently. Sook, red; sook, red." The boy saw that affairs were not shaping themselves in a way calculated to advance his ideas of enjoyment, and he went into the house.

"Now you have done it, said the old lady, bustling into the room. "The calves have got all the milk, and we fed the cows pumpkins too. I never saw the like since the day I was born."

"The bad man will get you if you don't stop talking that way."

"The bad man will get you if you don't stop talking that way."

"What's that, you little rascal? Don't you come around me with your catechism."

"But ain't it a sin to get mad?"

"Yes," replied the old lady after a moment's reflection, "it is a sin and may the Lord forgive me for it."

"But if He forgives you every time you get mad it'll keep Him pretty busy, won't it?"

"Hush, you mustn't talk that way."

"It a sin ?"

"Yes, it is."

"But the Lord will forgive me, won't He?"

"No, He won't."

"Then why will He forgive you when you get mad an' sin ?"

"Lord a-massy, child, let me alone."

"Then why, will He forgive you when you get mad an' sin ?"
"Lord a-massy, child, let me alone."
"If you waster marry agin you'd make my new grandpa hop, wouldn't you?"
"Jane, have Old John hitched up. I'm goin' to town," and she bustled out of the room When the buggy was announced, she led the boy out. She stuffed cotton in her ears, and drove rapidly to town. Arriving at Mulkittle's house, she was putting the boy out, when Mr. Mulkittle came up and said:

said:
"Mother, won't you get out? Willie isn't sick, is he?"
"No. I won't get out, and no, he ain't siek. I want you to keep him at home. He tormented me until I forgot that I had the rheumatism; but give me the rheumatism. Now there," and she drove

away. A DUKE AND DUCHESS IN A LEVANTER.

From The London World.

The experience of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, so far at least as the trip of the steamship Cathay from Brindisi to Port Said is concerned, shows that a Royal Prince and his consort may travel with perfect confort both to themselves and their neighbors as ordinary passengers in a crowled

shows that a Royal Prince and his consort may travel with perfect comfort both to themselves and their neighbors as ordinary passengers in a crowded Peninsular and Oriental steamer. It is quite possible that a similar experiment made on board an Atlantic passenger ship might not have been altogether unattended by the "mobbing" which is the chief terror in a modern Royal progress. The ordinary social life of the Cathay has in no way been interfered with by the presence of the Royal party.

A nasty "Levanter," with high wind and tropical rain, into which the ship passed a few hours after leaving Brindias, brought out the seagoing qualities of the Duchess, whose Mediterranean yachting experiences in a forty-ton schooner, are now standing her in good stead. She was among the most energial with scorned to succumb to the rough weather. Vigorously promenading on a quaking quarter-deck; checkinsting Colonel Keith Fraser with the chessboard placed on a gipsy table borrowed from the genial Captain Robbie's deck-house; joining with the Duke and Lord and Lady Downe in the evening whist-party in the saloon, at the hour when the long table is decorated at frequent intervals with the modest grogs which betoken the speedy "turning-in"; or mounting the lofty bridge and soanaing the entrance to the Canal by the aid of a chart—her Royal Highness has amply vindicated her claim as the adopted daughter of a maritime Empire.

As for the Prince, the bon camaraderic which he has

chart—ner Royal Highness has amply vindicated her claim as the adopted daughter of a maritime Empire.

As for the Prince, the bon camaraderic which he has shown on board the Cathay is a happy omen of the bopularity which is sure to attend his command in India. There is not one of his fellow-passengers who would not be delighted to have him as a shipmate on the most prolonged of voyages. The man who is distiked on shipboard is he who insists on having a certain disposition of the deck-awnings without consulting the wishes of his neighbors, and who stays in the bathroom for twenty minutes, while he knows that ten pyjamahed and be-towelled unfortunates are standing, in more or less blasphemous frame of mind, outside. It is because in such small matters the Duke has been scrapulously deferential to the comfort of those about him, that he and the Duchess are the most popular passengers on board the Cathay. And it is was thus that while her Royal Highness, on Thursday evening, the 8th inst. won the sweepstake on the exciting issue as to the exact moment at which the pilot would come on board at Port Said, the losing gamblers for once were magnanimous, and forbore to curse their evil fate.

FATE OF EUROPEANS IN THE SOUDAN.

From The London World.

Poor Edmund O'Donovan, about whose fate I feat there can be no longer any doubt, had a presentinent that he would never return to England when leaving for his last trip. "Good-by, Jack," he said to an old friend and countryman and brother special. "I feel that we shall never meet again in the world unless indeed you are sent to Africa on special. "I feel that we shall never meet again in this world, unless, indeed, you are sent to Africa on the same erraud." One of his notions at starting was to attach himself, if possible, to the Mahdi, and possess himself of his ideas. He had a great ambition to travel in Tibet, and used to say that he would realize one of the dreams of his existence if he succeeded in effecting an introduction between the Grand Lama and a bottle of real old Dublin

ceaded in careful career he had, to be sure! An whiskey.

What an erratic career he had, to be sure! An official in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, an auxiliary in Sir Bernard Burke's department, and one, too, who took part in the installation of the Duke of Comnaight as a Knight of St. Patrick, an officer in the Foreign Legion of France, a lecturer on military chemistry in New-York, a wanderer with the Carlists—he fulfilled almost all the varied functions of one of Lever's heroes. Although his father was an accomplished Gaelic scholar, and drew a pension from the Civil List in that capacity, it is singular that the explorer of Merv, who was a good Oriental linguist, never could master the Irish. The bent of his mind did not lie that way. But he loved Ireland with an intensity of love, all the same.

Frank Power, who accompanied O'Donovan, is a Dublin man, and an artist of more ability than luck. He is young and unmarried. His previous knowledge of campaigning was confined to a short sojourn Dublin man, and an artist of more ability than luck. He is young and annarried. His previous knowledge of campaigning was confined to a short sojourn in war-time on the Austrian frontier. There are some humorous water-color sketches of his, on military subjects, knocking about town. From the hour of his landing at Snakim he had been in a wretched condition, suffering from climatic fever and dysentery. When O'Donovan was last heard from, Fower was on the eve of returning to England on account of his bad health. I shall decline to beheve that he was present at the engagement near Obcid until it is made more clear to me how a wounded man, and a European utterly unused to Eastern tongues, modes and manners, could have managed to make his way through an enemy's country.

country.

The rate of Frank Vizetelly may be the most pain-The rate of Frank Vizetelly may be the most pamful of all. The False Prophet can hardly be lement to his prisoners. But Frank, who went unscathed through the Confederate and Carlist struggles, is a fellow of infinite luck and wondrous resources. When last I heard of him, he was stopping at the Fonda of los Contrabandistas in the Fyrenees, but that is now some years ago. If Schuven, the Dutch traveller, who is an old friend of his, should happen to be at the headquarters of the Mahdi, it will be lucky for the burly and bitthesome English artist, and a rare unfolding of his experiences may be anand a rare unfolding of his experiences may be an-ticipated should be get out of the impasse.

A WELCOME AT MR. HERKOMER'S ART SCHOOL.

From The London World

Mr. Herkomer, A. R. A., gave his students at the new art school at Bushey a right royal welcome on Saturday, when they went into residence as had been planned, so that they might begin work on Monday morning. In the afternoon he gave them an address of some length in the fine oak-panelled studio which is the largest of the three work-rooms. He told them trankly what he should expect from them, and what they were to look forward to from him; he urged upon them the importance of industriously setting themselves to the work he had planned; that a scheme might be developed

to from him; he arged upon them the importance of industriously setting themselves to the work he had planned; that a scheme might be developed which would benefit not only them but future generations of art-students; and concluded by inviting them all to dinner at his studio in the evening. The studio probably never before presented so bright a scene. It was lighted for the occasion by over thirty small electric jets. The table was tastefully arranged with choice fruits and flowers, and about fifty students, relatives and friends of Mr. Herkomer, sat down.

The selection of the ladies by the gentlemen for dinner was carried out on an American plan, somewhat new to our shores. Each gentleman on arriving took a tiny envelope inscribed with his name, a slip inside bearing the name of the lady he was to lead to the table. Another feature was the novel character of the dessert d'oyleys, which were of cream satin with fringed edges, each printed in Mr. Herkomer's own laboratory, with a head or other design from his pencil, and many of them rivalling table was cleared, the students were grouped in the grand old studio, and with the portraits of Herr Joachim, Hans Richter, and other works from the brush of the president of the new school looking down upon them, the band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the leadership of Mr. Charles Godrey, gave a selectionn of classical and popular music.